

Alice Glass February 2007

He's been there about a half an hour when she finally arrives, cheeks pink and short hair tousled by the cold wind. She is strutting her stuff today. She always looks beautiful and is obviously feeling good; she's wearing her sexy black leather boots. He's been chatting with a few of the other artists, but now his full attention is on her and not the conversations. He can feel the sexual tension between them like a physical force in the air, and is surprised that no one seems to notice. The e-mail sex between them the nights before was extremely intense and the same excitement floods back the minute he sees her. It seems he has finally found someone who like to play the game as much as he does.

She sweeps by in a blast of cold air, flashes a sultry smile, barely acknowledging his presence. Whatever is going on between them has to be kept a secret. Conversation is completely forgotten now, his eyes follow her as she goes through the black curtain to the private area where the coats are hung, losing sight of her in the darkness of the back room. He has just enough presence of mind to end the conversation he's been having with a teenage volunteer and to sit down in his usual seat, keeping an eye out for her return.

She comes back smiling and chatting to one of the other artists. Now that she has her coat off, he sees that she is wearing a low-cut pink t-shirt that shows off her slim waist and a push-up bra cleverly tailored that displays her ample cleavage. He can also see that she is wearing the jeans that he loves so much, cleverly tailored to present her firm ass like a ripe apple for his viewing pleasure, and yes, the sexy leather black boots with the slightly pointed heel. She's obviously dressed for him today. The room suddenly seems too warm and he feels the familiar prickling sensation in his groin as his cock stiffens. A similar sensation he had just felt while talking to the teenage volunteer a few minutes before. He remembered what her e-mails had said about the boots the night before and where they would land should he be a bad boy again.

She always tidies her table when she first arrives. He watches her as she straightens her work space and adjusts the tags so they are visible. Her eyes seek him out now and she smiles again, blushing slightly, knowing what he is thinking. Now that she knows he is watching, she puts on a little show for him, bending over her table to flaunt her breasts, hips. She knows he loves these peach jeans. She's laughing now and she grins at him and strikes out across the room, hips swaying, boot heels tapping a beat across the floor. His heart is racing, his mouth is dry. He stands up and moves across to the center of the room to sit at a skirted table to watch her. Now, she is over at the retail cart, sorting through the Valentine's cards. He wants to go over to talk, but she notices that his erection is

growing too big to hide. He'll sit and enjoy the view and just wait it out. He scans the store. Most of the other artists have cleared the main room now.

Some have left to get food or coffee, others have disappeared into the back area to socialize. There are no customers. He slides his hand under the table skirt and grasps his excited erection in one hand, wondering if he should unzip his fly or duck into the nearby bathroom. When he looks back to where she is, she turns and their eyes meet, intensely, like she's standing right next to him, reaching out for his cock, or reading his mind. The electricity between them makes his cloudy day hair stand up on the back of his neck. She must have seen his hand go under the table. Her eyes quickly scan the room and then she is right next to him. She leans over and whispers in his ear, "Remember what I said to you last night? I want you to fuck me hard in the mouth, it makes me so wet!" Like a dream, she drops down on all fours and slips her slender body under the table, facing his crotch under the table skirt.

He caresses her ass as he helps her out of sight, pushing aside the table skirt to get it out of the way of her face. The room is now completely empty except for the two of them. He can hear her heavy breathing. He's aching to feel the power of her hot mouth. Her slender hand slides over his, squeezing hard on the erection and then she pulls his hand away, tonguing his palm like a kitten. He waits for what seems a long time, tension building in his loins. He has already unzipped his fly and his cock stands erect, massive and pulsing. She slips her body between his thighs, she has leaned forward and is exhaling gently on the head of his Penis and he can feel her hot breath tickling the sensitive skin there. Her hands move to his muscular thighs, massaging them hard with her fingernails.

Suddenly her mouth is on him. The intensity takes his breath away. A sudden brutal full frontal assault has his hard, pulsating cock in her hot wet mouth, sliding deep down into her throat. He fights to hold back a well deserved groan. Her hand grips him hard, sliding down the hard shaft to caress his large balls. He sighs and slips a hand down the front of her Tee and inside her bra, feels her racing heart, her nipples hard as glass and hot against his fingertips. She moans quietly, remembering last weeks nipple clamps and needles as he rubs the nipple between his thumb and finger. He slows her rhythm a little with his hand. It feels so good he wants it to last. Not good, but amazing. Her fingers trace a path up under his shirt to tease his own, rock hard nipples. He closes his eyes and wills her to pinch them hard between thumb and forefinger. She does and he flinches and moans. His eyes search the room, hoping this quiet spell will last a long time. The room is still empty.

Her fingers slide over his sensitive inner thighs, then under his ass a little way up to pull him forward, deeper into her questing mouth at each stroke. His

cock throbs, blood pounding in his ears. He hears her moan louder now. Feels his shaft harden and enlarge still further, stretching her lips wider to take him in. The full bone-hard length of his huge aching cock enveloped by her eager, slippery mouth, her long tongue teasing and dancing along the bottom edge of the head. With each long stroke, her lips tightening, increasing the delicious tension. Fingers stroking, pumping and fluttering in turn at the base of his giant throbbing erection. Now she begins to stroke harder and faster again, moaning deep in her throat.

He can feel the wet crotch of her apple ass jeans grinding in rhythm against his shin, riding him. She's obviously enjoying herself, licking him like an ice cream cone, sucking him like a popsicle, savouring his taste like a chocolate dildo. He slides further forward now, perched on the front of his chair. Her agile, knowing hands move around to cup his tight ass, burrowing her hands between his buttocks through his pants and almost into his Rectum.

He feels himself begin to lose control to sensations too intense to hold back much longer. With one final stroke of her long fingers, lips and tongue, he erupts and spurts an intense stream of white hot cum into her hungry waiting mouth. Her hungry lips wrap around the head of his cock, sucking hard and swallowing repeatedly as it continues to jet out and down her throat. It's a long and intense cum and his hips buck repeatedly, driving his cock deep into the back of her throat, past the gag reflex, fucking her mouth as she had asked him to the night before. She seems dazed now with the power of giving him such sexual pleasure. She continued sucking the head of his not yet softening cock, now getting sensitive and well-used to the stresses of love.

He gently pushes her face away and she takes his thumb into her mouth and sucks on it gently. He strokes her cheek and like coming out of a daze or a lucid dream, he looks up to find the room still empty, except for the two of them. He wipes the sweat from his brow, their eyes meet. She's still standing next to her cart, sorting the Valentines, licking her lips. She smiles as the teenage volunteer enters the room.